

October 27,1950

Mr. Frank Scully
Variety Publications
6311 Yucca St.
Hollywood 28, California

Dear Mr. Scully;

First of all, thank you very kindly for the nice mention in this weeks column that appeared in Variety.

I want you to know that I really looked forward to the time that I would have the privilige of meeting you, and I'm happy that the opportunity came about as a result of your appearance on my disc jockey show. My listeners as well as myself enjoyed your discusion concerning your book about FLYING SAUCERS.

I was happy that you were able to spend an hour on the show and believe me I wished I had a two hour show that evening.

I hope that we can get together again in the very near future, meantime its via the air mail route. My kindest personal regards to Mrs. Scully.

Sincerely,

Myron Barg

SUITE 809 • 54 W. RANDOLPH STREET • CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS • DEARBORN 2-2940

Apt. 512
Highland Hotel,
Highland Avenue,
Hollywood.
28 October, 1950.

Dear Mr. Scully,

Many thanks for giving me so much of your time yesterday - I really did enjoy it.

Do you think, perhaps, there is a possibility that the saucer crews did not carry written instructions - and that the hyroglyphics found were deliberate code - for fear they fell into enemy hands? And is it probable that the red saucer apparantly found flying often with a formation could be that either of the leader or pathfinder - or a re-magnetizing ship to help any of the others that got into difficulties or became grounded? And following on my vague theory that, if one saucer were grounded and another hovered above, the latter could magnetize the first into the air - do you suppose that their airfields have, at the end of each runway, a magnet(or magnets, at different heights) ? If there is that possibility, should another saucer land here, couldn't we - in true Heath Robinson fashion - rush out to it, climb a step-ladder, and hold aloft a magnet ? Or do you suppose that if the experiment were successful, we would find ourselves magnetized to the magnet and following the saucer into Outer Space ? Perhaps, then, we could put the magnet on top of a non-magnetic pole. Or wouldn't it be the magnet that was up a pole?

I am sorry, I really do apoligize for the forgoing ramble - having had every intention of defending you, to the best of my ability, against curious comers like myself, by starting my article on you thus (with your permission) - "Frank Scully wishes to make it clear that he did not invent flying saucers - he was merely reporting them in his latest best-seller, ' 'Behind the Flying Saucers' ".

I still think, though, that if you started an INTERNATIONAL Fund for Research into Outer Space, it would prove the biggest and most successful peace move in the history of the world - and, with the very possible exception of Brass and Armament Manufacturers, the people of the world would be behind you.

This letter was mainly to thank you for the interview, and to

to ask you if I may have three photographs of yourself - one for my South African paper, and one for the London Dispatch (to which I wish to send the article as well) - and one for myself, please?

Thanking you again , and with regards to Mrs. Scully and yourself,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

Ann Grevler.

Ann Grevler.

Apt. 512
Highland Hotel
Highland Avenue
Hollywood.

29 October, 1950

Dear Mr. Scully,

Further to the Peace Move idea, I wrote the enclosed short story several years ago, and tried to get it published - but it was scathingly returned by the editor, whom I believe had neither social conscience nor sense of humour, but was an armament manufacturer incognito.

I wish to try to get this published, again - and would like t dedicate it to you - may I ?

Yours sincerely

Ann Grevler.

Ann Grevler.

"Professor Hoojum's Greatest Invention"

A Satire on Scientists.

Ann Grevler
Highland Hotel
Highland Avenue
Hollywood, California.

Professor Hoojum's Greatest Invention.

Professor Hoojum looked worried. That was not in the least unusual, because Professor Hoojum always looked worried; but the unusual aspect of his looking worried now, was that he really was worried.

Professor Hoojum was a little man with deep furrows in his great brow, with thick spectacles poised on the end of his chubby nose, his semi-baldness surrounded by thick tufts of grey curls, and a surprisingly rotund figure for one who ate so little. But that worried expression-!! Whenever he appeared, the household would hush each other up and say, "Don't make a noise today - the Professor looks worried" They said this every day - which was most annoying to the little Professor - because, in fact, he loved noise (outside his silent, cavernous laboratory); he loved laughter and music (molecules and their kith don't laugh, and if they played a musical instrument, it would be with perfect precision, mechanically soulessly) - and the Professor loved to hear music played badly; he loved the human touch - and it was because he loved the human touch and all that went with it, that he was worried.

He had just discovered his greatest discovery to date. But what if he handed it to the world and said "for your pleasure!" - ? He knew the world too well - they would use it for their pain. And yet - he had to admit to his modest self - it was a great discovery. But what to do about it? That was the question. That he should be the excuse for his beloved fellow-men destroying themselves - that did not bear contemplation. Should he destroy his discovery? No - that was no solution.Someone else might hit upon it one day, hand it blithely to his cherished masses, and --! Professor Hoojum had a horrible vision of the Earth (which he had long since come to regard as his private domain) rolling away in flames into the clouds of space. No, no - and no. As a scientist he clearly had a great responsibility, and he must discharge it accordingly.

He told his youngest daughter, aged seven, to play the latest piano piece she hadn't learned. It was an abominable noise - the Professor loved it. And as he listened to the thumping of the wrong notes ,the Great Idea came to him. He commanded his abominable child to continue her

her abominable playing until the Idea was complete - and when it was, he blandly announced that he was going to have built on the highest mountain peak he could find - a fortress - as indeed it turned out to be.

The Press of the world clamoured for interviews - to no avail. Professor Hoojum's nearest and dearest said he was not to be disturbed - he was looking worried. The Press of the world tried to approach the fortress - to no avail. The fortifications were terrific. The Press of the world tried to photograph the Professor's new abode - but all they could see on the mountain top (besides the fortifications) were turrets and domes, telescopes and wires. The Press of the world sent aeroplanes to spy on this mighty What - but neither was that of any avail - because as soon as a little turret on the roof of the What picked up any extraneous sound, it automatically sent out a smoke screen (just a mere bagatelle among the many inventions of the little Professor); and in the clear mountain air the little turret had very good ears, and was a faithful friend. The Press of the world was very curious - indeed, it was very worried. The Press of the world tried very hard to find out what What was all about - all, all to no avail.

But when Professor Hoojum decided that he had a sufficiently large audience, when the tom-toms of darkest Africa were excitedly beating out what the world already knew of him, when mediums were repeatedly going into unavailing trances to wrest the Great Secret, Professor Hoojum decided to pronounce his pronouncement - and let rumour do the rest.

The hour of the announcement was announced. Every radio and television set in the world was tuned in - monitors and press reporters were at the alert - many, many ears were pressed to the ground -hospitals and first-aid posts were standing by to take in those that couldn't take it - and then -

Professor Hoojum spoke kindly over the air.(His abominable little daughter kept asking her Mother "what's he saying, Mum? Mum, what does he mean? Whatsit?" - but the rest of the world listened with bated breath ~~breath~~ to Professor Hoojum's great secret). He had, he said, startling news for the world. (The pencils and tom-toms repeated each

each syllable. Just to keep the human touch, the Professor coughed once or twice.)He had been in communication with a Greater Planet, he said, which had sent him a message from a yet greater planet - from which it took its direction. The message was that the Greatest Planet was most dissatisfied with the Least - our own - Planet. That, indeed, the peace of the other planets had often been disturbed by the rumblings of war; the arguements of trade treaties and "piece" conferences; the moanings of the tortured and hungry, the lonely and the diseased - that abounded on this , the Least, planet. The message had gone on to say that, the Greatest Planet might well loose patience at this state of affairs on Earth, and if things did not improve would consider sending a contingent from the Greater Planet to show us how - in which case we wouldn't have an earthly. The Greatest Planet would ask for another report on us in ten year's time, during which we should remember to be seen and not heard In the meantime, we might do well to take our direction from the Greater Planet - which was several million years older than we were, and had grown up. The Professor had, he said, therefore had a conference with the Greater Planet, and had been given the gen. (Here Professor Hoojum felt faint. To tell a big lie to millions of people seemed child's play - but to tell them a bigger truth - to at last reveal his colossal discovery - that needed real courage! He emptied the glass of Scotch beside him, gave several nervous gulps, a hiccough, and steadied himself for the great ordeal.) The secret of the Greater Planet's success, he said, was the correct application of a great chemical discovery. (He said the name - but before any of the repeaters had found out how to spell it, he had continued.) This chemical apparantly, he said, could fertilize arid soil so that there should be no shortage of food in the world - of course, the soil would also need irrigation and hard work - but the Earth's people knew one and would have to learn the other. The chemical, moreover, after some minor research, would be able to cure virulent diseases and ease pain; also, it would enrich arable land and thus food; it would give heat, power; would make metals more pliable; mining, easier.It would,if people wished - and it were prpperly applied-

applied - lengthen the span of life. It was, in fact, the panacea of all evil. (He did not, however, tell them that it could - if wrongly applied - send them all into those clouds of space.)

But the headlines were out - " United We Stand - Divided We Fall"; "Ten Years of Grace - or Else"; " Hurray for Hoojum! Papa of the Human Family!" Even the Apes were pleased - especially pleased - their little glands were to be all their very own - always! Gee - thanks, Papa

And so it was that, when Professor Hoojum went around the world, he found everyone laughing gleefully at their work; everyone living on the fat of their own land instead of someone else's; he saw everywhere healthy, well-fed people; hospitals for accidents and maternity only; beautiful homes and theatres; everywhere he was welcomed the monkeys threw coconuts at him, and everybody was happy.

Papa Hoojum remembered other wise men who had preached from the mountains - only this time the people had listened.

And then Professor Hoojum went home and read the Press - (from the world city dailies to the " Tom-Tom Times" - Papa Hoojum understood them all - great guy, that Papa!) He read all the advertise-ments - "Wear Hoojum Poojums", "Wear Hoojum Hats", "Take Hoojum Pills", "Wear Hoojum Spats", "Ladies, Are You Neglected? Hoojum's Your Man". But not until the little Professor had read his favourite comic strip, "The Hinventions of Hoojum", did he roll into his sheets - and still looking very worried - and thinking of his Greatest Invention - he chuckled himself into his Last Sleep.

P.S. And his abominable little daughter still couldn't play the piano - ! - which all goes to show that out of any Evil can come Good.

ANN GREVLER.



TOMMY BARTLETT'S
"WELCOME TRAVELERS"

October 31, 1950

Dear Mr. Scully:

Attached is Mr. Homyak's letter of October 17th. As mentioned in my letter to him, we leave it to the traveler whether they wish to correspond with the listener.

Lots of luck to you and I hope you will continue to enjoy "Welcome Travelers."

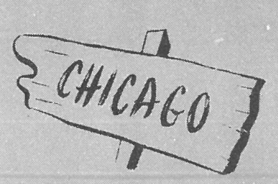
Sincerely,

T Bartlett

TB/nm

NBC Coast-to-Coast from COLLEGE INN, HOTEL SHERMAN - CHICAGO Monday thru Friday







Tom Trott Sees "Flying Saucers"



Hi there, girls and boys,

Wee Brucie and I are on the job. I do the work and he does the barking. This week, we are at an airport on the Atlantic Coast. The most exciting thing we have seen is "flying saucers."

For several years, people in many parts of our country have claimed to have seen flying saucers. The Government proved that some of these people were imagining things. However, I am now allowed to tell you that *some* flying saucers are real. They belong to our Air Force. They will someday be a big help to our country.

Flying saucers are made in several sizes. The smallest ones are 20 inches in diameter. They are six inches thick. The big ones are about as far across as the width of four or five city lots.

Some of the saucers are raised in the middle like a pie. Others turn up around the edge like a saucer. They leave no trail of light or smoke. They make no sound. They are harmless.

These strange flying things are made of material which dissolves after being in the air for a while. For this reason, the saucers disappear soon after they hit the ground. You probably will never find one. But if you do, you will find these words on it in black letters:

MILITARY SECRET OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AIR FORCES
ANYONE DAMAGING OR REVEALING
DESCRIPTION OR WHEREABOUTS OF THIS
MISSILE IS SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION BY
THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

Now, there is only one more thing I should like to know about flying saucers. What would Wee Brucie do if he found one and it began to disappear right under his nose? How do *you* think he would behave?

Your big brother, Tom Trott

CARL G. STORM
CHIPPEWA LAKE, OHIO

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745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK

New York Office
October 30, 1950

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood 28, California

Dear Frank:

I thought the enclosed UP story might possibly not have been carried out there, and that it might prove of interest to you.

Every good wish to you and yours.

Sincerely,

Jack

John Masterson

JM:rmk
Enclosure